

## Why Didn't You Say?

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# Why Didn't You Say?

by [preciousbunnynoiz](#)

## Summary

*“Father? One of the other boys said that using the guqin you could...speak to the dead.”*

*Ah.*

*Lan WangJi had wondered when this would happen.*

A-Yuan asks Lan WangJi to help him speak to someone who he barely remembers and that triggers a reunion and also confessions and confusions.

## Notes

Wei WuXian is referred to as Wei Ying in this fic because it's Lan WangJi's POV and I headcanon that in his head Lan WangJi calls him Wei Ying

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

- Translation into Русский available: [Почему ты не сказал? \(Why Didn't You Say?\)](#) by [Slasher\\_Alice](#)

“Umm...”

Lan WangJi stopped playing and put his hands on the strings of the guqin to silence it before turning to the boy seated next to him.

A-Yuan was a good boy and a good student who enjoyed his guqin lessons with Lan WangJi, playing close attention as he tried to get his fingering right with adorable determination.

But this time he wasn’t paying as close attention.

He was fidgeting slightly though he was clearly trying not to and his little forehead was creased and he had a little frown on his lips.

Lan WangJi waited patiently. Lan Yuan was only about 9 but he never seemed nervous around Lan WangJi. He always felt comfortable saying his peace in the end.

“Father? One of the other boys said that using the guqin you could...speak to the dead.”

Ah.

Lan WangJi had wondered when this would happen.

A-Yuan knew Lan WangJi wasn’t his real father but he had never asked about his parents. Which honestly had been a bit of a relief.

He knew A-Yuan didn’t really seem to remember about his previous life and that both was a blessing and a curse for Lan WangJi.

There were things he absolutely did not want the boy to remember but there were also many things that he wished the boy did.

“I can” he answered wondering how to explain that there limitations “A name is needed though, or preferably a memento of some kind”

“I...I don’t remember much of anything from before you brought me to live with you. But...I remember one name and I still...I have something that reminds me of them. Could we...could we try?”

A-Yuan really asked for so little. He was so bright and kind and caring. He settled disputes between his friends and was a little ray of sunshine that helped keep Lan WangJi moving forward, what kept him from giving up.

How could he deny his son anything?

“Of course.” and his heart was warmed by the way A-Yuan smiled at him.

“Thank you Father! Can we try now?”

“Later. It’s easier at night. Now let us resume your lesson”

“Yes Father!” A-Yuan said brightly, focused now that his request had been asked.

Because of who A-Yuan might call Lan WangJi took him to the place he called for Wei Ying. He didn’t want others to over the hear the name of *Wen* being played over the guqin. Only select people knew A-Yuan’s true parentage.

Lan WangJi settled himself comfortably with his guqin.

He turned to his son and indicated a place in front of the guqin, a flat rock that would normally have the things he brought for Wei Ying on it.

His son understood and rose, pulling an item out of his robes and laying it on the rock before coming and sitting next to Lan WangJi again.

Lan WangJi’s eyes widened slightly as he realised the item was a little toy butterfly. The same one he bought for A-Yuan that day in Yiling when he met Wei Ying.

With a pounding heart he began to play Inquiry. At the end he hesitated for a moment, it was time to play the name.

“A-Yuan?” he asked, his voice surprisingly steady.

“Brother Xian” was the reply and he closed his eyes briefly. This was what he had dreaded the most.

He hated to disappoint his son.

But he would not come.

But he opened his eyes and played the name just as A-Yuan asked.

There was a long moment of silence and Lan WangJi’s heart sank as A-Yuan’s lower lip trembled.

But then the guqin rang out in the silence.

Lan WangJi’s eyes snapped to the guqin which was playing fast, so fast it was almost difficult to make out what was being said.

*“A-Yuan! A-Yuan! How! Why! Why is he here! How did he live! I was so worried! But he’s here! He’s here and so bright and lovely and ALIVE! Is this Lan Zhan! Did you do this Lan Zhan!?”*

Lan WangJi covered his mouth with his hand, tears streaming down his face.

“Wei Ying?” he played back.

*"Of course it's Wei Ying! Who else would it be? Wen RuoHan? Please! Ahhhh Did you really save him Lan Zhan?!"* came the reply so fast and bright it could only be Wei Ying.

Lan Zhan made a sound that was half laugh half sob.

"Father? Is it him? Are you okay?" A-Yuan asked in concern.

Lan WangJi took a moment to compose himself and smiled at his son.

"It is him. He's happy you're alive and safe" Lan WangJi told him.

A-Yuan smiled brightly but then looked a little sheepish.

"I don't...I don't really remember much but I remember him smiling and laughing and making me feel safe. I wanted...I wanted to thank him. I feel like he was a lot of fun" A-Yuan explained.

"I will tell him."

*"A-Yuan has little memory from before he came to live with us. When I found him he had a high fever. But he remembers you making him happy and having fun and feeling safe with you."* Lan WangJi explained.

"Ah he's a sweet boy! Did you save him when you were part of the siege?" there was an edge to that question but Lan WangJi just frowned.

*"I was not part of the siege. I found out after what had happened and rushed to see if I..."* he trailed off.

"If you what?" not accusing, but the notes had a puzzled air to it.

"If I could find any piece of you. Any trace."

"Why?"

*"Because I was sad you were gone. I miss you. Then I found A-Yuan in a tree trunk and brought him home and insisted that he was now my son."* Lan WangJi explained.

"You sound as if I was your lost love instead of some brat who used to annoy you." Lan WangJi was ready to play 'you are' but Wei Ying was already talking again.

*"But I'm so happy you found A-Yuan! Oh I wish I could pinch his cheeks and tease him. I kept saying you'd come and steal him away to live with your scary sect and make him write all the rules and eat the worst food ever hahahaha! Is this why you've been calling me?"* Wei Ying asked.

So he had heard.

"Partly" Lan WangJi had wanted him to know that A-Yuan was alright.

*“Partly? What’s the other part? Don’t tell me you still want to punish me? I’m dead! How much more punished can I get?”*

Lan WangJi closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

“Father?”

Lan WangJi opened his eyes and looked at his son who was trying to hide his frustration.

“He’s asking about when I found you and saying that you’re sweet and that he wishes he could pinch your cheeks and tease you.” Lan WangJi explained.

“Ohhhh! Okay! Is that all?”

“He also wants to know why I’ve been calling for him every night.” Lan WangJi replied.

“Why have you?” A-Yuan asked with the innocence of a child.

Lan WangJi hesitated but decided if anyone deserved to know it’s A-Yuan.

“Because I love him.”

A-Yuan nodded as if this made perfect sense because to a child these things do.

“You should tell him that!”

“...”

Lan WangJi hesitated, not sure if he should but Wei WuXian had said it himself: he was already dead.

Lan WangJi had been rejected once in life but the circumstances around that time were strange. He owed it to his heart to try one more time.

He raised his hands to the strings of the guqin.

“Wei Ying?”

“I am here”

*“I call you every night because I miss you. Because I love you. Because without you my heart is in pieces. Because the fact I couldn’t stop the siege and save you breaks me apart every minute of every hour. Because I couldn’t bear to believe that you might be really gone for good.”*

There is a long long silence after that. So long that the strings of the guqin had long fallen still. So long that Lan WangJi’s heart squeezed tight in his chest with pain and A-Yuan started to look a little guilty.

Long enough for them both to jump when the guqin finally played very loudly and very harshly in the stillness of the night.

**“YOU TELL ME THAT NOW!? WHAT THE FUCK LAN ZHAN! I’M FUCKING DEAD!  
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO DEAL WITH THIS NOW!? WHY DIDN’T YOU TELL ME  
WHEN I WAS ALIVE AND COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!”**

Both A-Yuan and Lan WangJi blinked in shock.

“..Father?”

“He...seems mad I didn’t tell him before he died? Only I did.” Lan WangJi explained even as he played as much in reply to Wei Ying.

**“THE HELL YOU DID!”**

*“I did. It was when I hid you right after the nightless city.”* Lan WangJi replied with a bit of irritation.

There was a silence followed by:

“what?” played very quietly.

“...Do you not remember?” Lan WangJi asked carefully.

*“...I only remember putting together the seal and waking up in the Burial Mound”* Wei Ying admitted and Lan WangJi huffed out a laugh.

“Of course.”

*“I told you then. You told me to get lost.”* Lan WangJi explained.

“He forgot” he said out loud for A-Yuan’s benefit and the child laughed fondly.

“From what little I can remember that seems likely” A-Yuan said and Lan WangJi smiled briefly.

*“I told you to get lost and you still call for me every night? Are you a masochist? Though I don’t know why I told you to get lost. I’m not a cut sleeve. I don’t think. But you are prettier than most girls and though you have a boring personality you’re nice and you’re loyal and your fair and good hearted and really pretty was too weak a statement. You’re actually beautiful in a very unfair way. And you’re fun to tease and I love your cute angry face and....WHY DIDN’T YOU TELL ME THIS WHEN I WAS ALIVE AND NOT OUT OF MY HEAD SO I COULD TRY KISSING YOU AND SEE IF I GOT HARD! NOW I’M DEAD AND CONFUSED ABOUT MY SEXUALITY AND THAT’S JUST UNFAIR!”*

Lan WangJi felt his ears grow hot even as his heart felt warm and hopeful for the first time in a long time. He then glanced at his son and noted his confused expression.

“He both insulted me and complimented me a fair bit and then complained some more that I didn’t tell him when he was alive and claiming I’m being mean because he’s now confused about whether he likes me back.” Lan WangJi explained.

A-Yuan screwed up his face as he thought carefully.

"I...I think I remember him talking about you a lot. He called you by your birth name and was telling me how smart and handsome and brave you were so I think he probably did love you too." A-Yuan replied and that made Lan WangJi's heart grow even warmer. But then A-Yuan yawned and Lan WangJi remembered how late it was.

*"I have to get A-Yuan back to bed. Will you come again if I call?"*

*"...I will. If it's you or A-Yuan I will come"* Wei Ying replied.

For now this would be enough.

After that they continued to talk though not everyday. As Lan Yuan grew into Lan SiZhui he grew more confident in his abilities to talk to "Brother Xian" without Lan WangJi though he had taken to him calling him Dad as well.

Then there came a day when Lan WangJi called and Wei Ying didn't answer.

Lan WangJi tried not to worry. Maybe Wei Ying was just busy but...just in case he went out to see if he could find A-Yuan who was out on a night hunt. Maybe Wei Ying was just sticking close to their son.

When he saw the signal flare he hurried and found and subdued a possessed hand. He had just finished subduing it when a man crashed into him, enveloping him in a hug.

Lan WangJi was too shocked for a moment to do anything.

"Hey let go of HanGuang-Jun!" Lan JingYi ordered angrily.

Lan WangJi froze as a young man beamed up at him. His hair was a bit wild but he had a good looking face and was smiling like the sun..or like a familiar person...

"Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan! It's me! Do you recognise me? Of course you don't recognise me I'm no longer in my old body. This one isn't too bad but it's not as good as my old one and ahhh now I can find out! I've been so confused! You know it really wasn't fair of you to confess to me only when I was out of my mind or dead! That was really mean!"

"Wei...Ying?" Lan WangJi asked.

"Yup! Young Master Mo who previously inhabited this body forcibly made me possess him! So now I have a shiny new body! Does it meet your approval?" Wei Ying asked with a wink.

Lan WangJi really didn't know how to respond because his mind just kept screaming that Wei Ying was alive and here!

"...Yes?" he finally replied.

“Great! That means we can do that test!”

“Tes-” Lan WangJi’s words were cut off as a hand wrapped around the back of his neck and pulled him down into a kiss.

Lan WangJi, still feeling overwhelmed by having Wei Ying *alive* in his arms, pulled the smaller body closer to him with an arm around the waist while he used his free hand to caress the side of Wei Ying’s face as he deepened the kiss.

The kiss was long and passionate and not at all appropriate to do in front of the juniors who were watching.

Eventually they pulled apart and Lan WangJi relished the way Wei Ying’s face was flushed and his lips red and swollen, his breathing heavy and his eyes still closed.

Wei Ying’s eyes fluttered opened and he gazed at Lan WangJi lovingly before abruptly hitting him over the head.

“You fucking idiot! We could have done that and a *whole bunch more* last time if you had just told me when I was with it and *not dead!*” Wei Ying ranted.

Lan WangJi blinked a few times.

“...Does this mean you accept my feelings?” he asked and Wei WuXian groaned dramatically before leaning back and shouting at the juniors who had their backs to the couple.

“A-Yuan your dad is an idiot!” he shouted.

“Yes you are but Father can be quite dense as well!” Lan SiZhui replied, looking over his shoulder at the couple with a smile.

“You ungrateful brat! Who taught you this!” Wei Ying raged waving his fist but Lan WangJi caught his hand and brought Wei Ying’s attention back to him.

“Wei Ying”

Wei Ying’s face softened and smiled up at Lan WangJi.

“Yes I accept your feelings and want to be with you as a couple.” he confirmed, “now let's help our son clean up this mess and continue with night hunting”

“Mn”

“But no more waiting until I’m dead or off my face on resentful energy before telling me important information”

“...mn”

## End Notes

alternate title: Wei WuXian Has A Gay Crisis But Can't Do Shit About It Because He's Dead

Also Lan WangJi says a name is needed because he knows little A-Yuan is most likely thinking of a specific person.

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